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Aesopus

Aesop Naturaliz'd

AND

EXPOS'D

TO THE

PUBLICK VIEW

IN HIS

Own Shape and Dress.

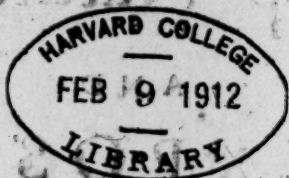
By way of Essay on a hundred Fables.

*Quid rides? mutato Nomine de Te
Fabula narratur* ----- Hor. Sat. I.

C A M B R I D G E,

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P R E F A C E.

AS Nature fram'd *Æsop* like Puppet show Punch,
With Paunch sticking out & a back in a Bunch
And gave his Wit shapes more fit for a Fool,
Splay feet and bow legs all meer ridicule ;
That so she might better Spectators surprize,
By making 'em hardly believe their own eyes :
So following Nature, we try to express
The wit of the Author in Scaramouch dress ;
That Bruits who pretend to Ratiocination,
The Dull Bruits, and Lewd Bruits, all Bruits in the
(Nation ;
May find some resemblance in this little Century,
Of which turn but over you'll see an Inventory.

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Æsop Naturaliz'd.

F A B. I.

The Cock and Precious Stone.

A Cock for his living that scrap'd in a dunghill,
 Had the fortune to meet with a shining car-
 (buckle,

He turn'd it, and spurn'd it, and thought, looking
 (round it

How happy a Jeweller were to ha' found it ;

To me says the Cock it does wonderful seem

How so useless a thing shou'd be had in esteem :

Had I both the *Indies*, twou'd be my opinion

A little good barley was worth my dominion.

MORAL.

What's needful and useful that pleases the wise;
But vain show and glitter allures a fools eyes.

ANOTHER.

Good parts and great virtues are turn'd to offence,
Where ~~all men~~ are critics, and few men ha' sense:

A Loose debauchee thinks religion all nonsense,

But pleasure and profit are matters o' conscience:

Indeed he must have but a very dull brain,

That can't sight a virtue he were ~~could~~ attain.

FAB. II.

The Owl and the Sun.

AN Owl in the Sunshine sat frowning and winking,
And rail'd at the Sun that occasion'd his blinking;

He

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He thought the gay light was on purpose design'd
For no other end but to keep an Owl blind :
The Sun soon reply'd, Must the beauty of nature
Be ruin'd to gratifie one purblind Creature?
Must the day be all shaded and look unbeseeming,
That You may fright children with Whooping and
(screaming ?

MORAL.

Some men are so proud of their own silly reason,
That what they don't fancy seems all out o' season :
But Providence still is Patient and wise,
An Owl may find fault, but the fault's in his eyes.

FAB. III.

The Toad and the Ox.

AN old Sullen Toad full of Envy and Poison,
Wou'd rival an Ox that by chance she set ey's on;

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Her son that sat by said, Mother be wise,
 And aim not to swell to that monstrous size:
 For were You as big as the Ox is, or bigger,
 The beasts wou'd but stare at your horrible figure:
 But the Toad to be taught was too old, and too curst,
 So she try'd twice or thrice, and swell'd till she burst.

MORAL.

Pretend not to rival conditions above ye,
 If you love your own self, or wou'd have others love
 For that man is born to an unlucky Fate,
 Whose heart is too large for his wit or Estate:
 'Tis an idle Ambition to Bluster and swagger,
 And live like a Lord, tho' you die like a beggar.

FAB.

F A B IV.

The Goose and her Gosling.

SAys a Goose to a Gosling, Child think o' my rule,
And don't You go nodding your head like a Fool;

The Gosling to alter her gate strait intended,
But found 'twas in vain to endeavour to mend it :

The Goose to her legs ty's two little sticks,
To wean off her child from such wadling tricks ;

But striving to manage the stilts, she wa'nt able
To walk, or to swim, or so much as to dabble :

Nay says the Old Goose, nere let it be said,
But that at the least You cou'd hold up your head ;

The Goslin strait perks up her head, and crys, so !

Now how shall I do to see where I go :

B. Nay then says the old one if this be your answer,

E'ne waddle and noddle and go like your Granfire.

MORAL.

HOW happy 'twould be if each silly creature,
 Did know but the folly of striving with Nature;
 But many have got a fantastical wit
 That doats on employment for which they're unfit.

FAB. V.

A Bee and a Bear.

A Bee stung a Bear, and for the rash action
 The Bear from the Hive wou'd demand satisfac-
 (tion :

While he rises the Hive a swarm o' Bees flies out,
 And stings the Poor Bear till they stung both his eyes
 (out.

MORAL.

PUT up small Affronts, If they wont content ye,
Instead of One slight you'll encounter wth twenty.

FAB. VI.

A Town in Danger of a Siege.

A Town fear'd a Siege, and held Consultation
What was the best method o' Fortification;
A Grave skilful Mason declar'd his opinion
That nothing but stone cou'd secure the dominion:
A Carpenter said thô that was well spoke,
Yet he'd rather choose to defend it with Oak:
A Currier wiser than both these together
Cry'd try what you please, but nothing's like leather.

MORAL.

Most men will be true to their own private ends,
 Tho' false to their country, religion, and friends;

One main thing is needful, and that's our own profit;
 Let that be secur'd whatever come of it:

But while this self love is a nations undoing,
 Ev'n they who betray it must sink in the ruin,

F A B. VII.

The Dog and the Sow.

BE gone says a Sow to a Dog, or by *Venus*
 I'll make you repent that a word past between us;
 You fool says the Dog, that Goddess Divine
 Hates nothing so much as the flesh of a swine;
 Indeed Madam Sow, he that sees You so fair,
 Will say you have reason by *Venus* to swear;

Yet

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Yet *Venus* no Votary er'e cou'd endure,
Whom vile filthy Bacon had render'd impure.
For that says the Sow I her kindness admire,
For they that hurt me durst never come nigh her.

MORAL.

A Quick Repartee is of excellent use,
Which can to our credit improve an abuse.

FAB. VIII.

The Kingdom of Apes.

T Was the chance of two Travellers once in their
To light of a Kingdom where Apes bore the sway;
The one was a plain man, the other all riddle
His joints were in tune to obey a court fiddle :
Being taken for spies who to Realms denounce ill,
They must be examin'd before Privy Council :

Then

Then King of the Apes to try their Civility :

Demanded their thoughts of himself and Nobility,

The Courtier crys, Sir, You govern the Place,

For Majesty seems to be stamp't in your Face,

An Emperor you, these are Princes o' blood

And wise Politicians that do the world good :

The King strait replies, we wisdom regard,

A Bushel of Apples must be your reward.

But now for your neighbour : Lets hear friend your
(mind,

Pray how are your thoughts to the Kingdom inclin'd ?

Plain Dealer replies, Sir, you seem by your shape

To be but a dignified kind of an Ape :

And these here about you seem all your Relations,

All Apes, and all fitted for their occupations.

This anger'd the Monarch, and vext all his train,

So they tore him to pieces for talking so plain.

They must be examin'd before Privy Council.

MORAL.

HE soon gets Preferment that flatters and lies,
But plain honest men are not likely to rise.

F A B. IX.

The Crab and her Daughter.

AN Old Mother Crab thus school'd her young
(Wench,
Daughter turn out your toes, & walk like the French,
Move handsomely forward, observe the bon grace,
And don't You crawl backward with that awkward
(pace :
But the Crab met with this reply from her daughter,
Mother lead you the way, and I'll soon follow after.

MORAL.

EXample to Vertue the heart more engages
Than all the fine sayings of Doctors and sages ;

Good

*Good words are but vain if your actions don't suit,
While You talk like an Angel and live like a brute.*

F A B. X.

The Gnat and the Bull.

A Mannerly Gnat to the Bull made address,
And thus in Court language himself did express ;
Sir, I beg your diversion, and humbly crave pardon,
If the weight of my body your horn presses hard on :
But if I offend You'll straightway be gone,
Pray go Sir, or stay, says the Bull, tis all one.

MORAL.

A *N* Ill bred buffoon plagues us less with abuses,
Than a finical fop with harangues and excuses ;
Least his Person or dress should 'scape ridicule,
He takes care his language should show he's a fool.

F A B. XI.

A Mountebank and a Bear.

A Mountebank who the whole rabble did gravel,
 With *Greek* words, and balsoms, Elixir, and travel,
 Stood amaz'd to behold how that wonder of nature
 A Bear, drew the Mob from the learn'd Operator,
 They laught, and huzza'd, and threw many a flowt
 At the Beast and the Squire that offer'd his snout :
 The Brute wou'd not bear it, but taking o' snuff
 Soon answer'd derision wi' moral rebuff :
 Says he, Courteous friends don't keep such a pother,
 Have patience to see your own faults in another :
 You hoot at a Bear, yet he more than supposes
 A Glisterpipe Quack leads You all by the noses.

MORAL.

A Married condition becomes a woeer riot,
Where a man and his wife can't agree to be quiet.

F.A.B. XIII.

The Mouse and the Lion.

A Mouse sav'd a Lion in danger of Life ;
And then beg'd his daughter to make him a Wife :
The Generous Lion soon granted the favour ;
The day was appointed the Mouse was to have her ;
The Marriage was soon huddled up at a venture,
And just as sack posset was ready to enter ;
The unfortunate Bride as she stalkt into bed
Set her paw on her husband and left him stone dead.
It was a great pity, a Bridegroom so merry
Shou'd thus call for Oars at the *Syagian* ferry.

MORAL.

T Here's many a Tradesman reduc't to great need,
To keep a Proud Wife of a Quality breed:

Yet while he's related to some noble house,
The man nere considers the fate o' the mouse.

F A B. XIV.

The Cat and the Cock.

A Hungry Cat seiz'd a Cock in her claws,
And thus the poor bird woul'd ha' pleaded his
Pray what's the offence of which I'me indited ^{(cause;}

If I do any wrong I'll endeavour to right it:

You crow says the Cat with an ugly shrill voice,
And no one can sleep for your Sowgelders noise:

Alas said the Cock I by crowing give warning,

That servants may rise up betimes in the morning:

More-

Moreover says Puss you're incestuous they say,
And Mother, or Sister's, all one in your way :
Says the Cock by this means the house is suppli'd,
And eggs still remain for the Market beside :
In a word says the Cat no excuse can defend you,
The Claws of Grim Justice are ready to end you.

MORAL.

HE *that is by nature revengful and cruel,
All Passion, and fire, can never want fuel :
For there's no excuse so untoward and senceless,
But do's well enough to oppress the defenceless.*

FAB. XV.

The Moon and her Tailor.

THe Moon wants a gown, and her Tailor must
(make it,
But he Honest man wou'd not dare undertake it :

Your body saies he, Madam, looks well to day,
 But in a Weeks time 'twill half wear away :
 Sometimes your proportion is Jolly and round,
 Then as thin as a Candle of Twelve in the pound ;
 You're crooked, and strait, thick and thin, at your plea-
 (sure ;
 And now, Madam, how can a Taylor take measure ?

MORAL.

IN vain is our pains and our labour design'd,
 To humour a man that don't know his own mind.

FAB. XVI.

A Cuckow and Little Birds.

A Cuckow much wondred the Birds did so fly her,
 And what was the reason they dare not come
 (nigh her ?
 She never did harm, nor a Titmouse cou'd say
 That ever she made his Relations a Prey :

'Tis true replies one, but our fancies you balk
You are no Bird o' Prey, yet you look like a hawk.

MORAL.

A *Man that does vertue and goodness approve,
Does never unsuitable Company love :
To hate all that's ill is a happy condition,
And none truly hates it, but hates the suspicion.*

F A B. XVII.

The Hawks and the Pigeons.

THE Hawks in a long Civil war had contended,
By means of the Pigeons the matter is ended ;
The quarrel no sooner among the Hawks ceases,
But they fall on the Pigeons and tear 'em to pieces.

MORAL.

Good Nature shou'd ne're indiscreetly be shown ;
Many pacific Quarrels and make 'em their own.

FAB. XVIII.

The Cock and the Fox.

A Cock on a Tree advantageously posted,
 Was seen by a plausible Fox and accosted;
 He told him no Bird that e're wore a feather
 Cou'd match him for beauty and wisdom together!
 And O! that the Cock wou'd afford him the grace,
 So great a Philosopher once to embrace!
 How blest shou'd he be, if by his Vicinity
 He might as it were but touch his Divinity!
 The Cock heard the Fox with very good will;
 So tickled wi' praise he cou'd hardly sit still:
 At last down he flutters, the Fox takes occasion
 To welcome his friend with a rough Salutation:
 Saies he, worthy Prophet your skill you have shown,
 You tell others Fortunes and can't tell your own:

Now

Now juggle, now conjure, show all your black art :
Without strong enchantment you're certainly smart.

MORAL.

IN Nature it seems an Infallible Rule,
That Flattery always supposeth a Fool :
If we love the praise, we the scandal must bear ;
If we slight it, it falls to the flatterers share.

F A B. XIX

The Mad Lion

THere went a report, and good Authors backt it,
The Lyon the King of the woods was distracted.
This put the whole Mob in a sad consternation ;
What mischief, say they, will befall the poor nation :
A Lion at best is like absolute Princes ;
Hee'l eat us all up if he's out of his senses.

MORAL.

MEN hardly good Princes with patience endure,
But he that's a Tyrant had need to sit sure.

FAB. XX.

The Dog and Shadow.

A Dog who for plunder had been a Pickeering,
With a piece of raw beef cross a river was steer-
(ing :
The Sun shone, and made a reflexion so fresh,
The stream seem'd to show him a new piece o' flesh :
So he chopt at the shadow, and lost what he had :
Which vext the Cur so, that they say he ran mad.

MORAL.

Projectors that with their Estates are not contented,
Quite ruine their Fortune by striving to mend it.

FAB. XXI.

The Fox, Wolf and Ape.

A Fox was indicted upon an old grudge,
A Wolf was the Plaintiff, an Ape was the Judge;
Then Reynard was askt, Was he guilty or no?
And the witnesses swore to it, *con & pro:*
The Ape having du'ly consider'd the case
Pronounces both faulty: You Wolf ha' the face,
Saies my Lord, this Fox as a Thief to indite,
In an Action to prosecute which you want right:
This Indictment the Fox to deny does not doubt,
Tho' the matter o' fact be plainly made out:
In short You endeavour the whole Court may see,
You're a couple o' Rascals but cannot agree.

MORAL.

Disorder breeds order, Injustice do's right;
Men are honest in Envy, and good out o' spite.

FAB XXII.

A Covetous Man and his Orchard.

A Man that an Orchard of rare Fruit had gotten,
 Spar'd all that was ripe, and eat all that was rot-
 (ten;
 His Son, my young master, one day got the Key,
 And in with a whole gang o' schoolboys comes he :
 Now Boys fill your Breeches, and hang him that spares,
 So down go the Peaches, the Plums, and the Pears :
 Be sure, says Young Master, what's good and ripe ga-
 (ther :
 And leave all that's bad for the old fool my Father,

MORAL.

A Poor sordid spirit that doats upon pelf,
 Thô hated by all, suffers most from himself :
 He scrapes all his life, ev'n till he's a dying;
 To leave it a Son that will soon set it flying.

F A B. XXIII.

The Magpy and the Eagle.

A Magpie tri'd many waies how to inveigle
And make her self intimate with a Court Eagle:
She thought her good parts, and quick apprehension,
Might give her deservedly hopes of a Pension:
No bird that cou'd show such an excellent Soul,
So fit to pay Complements, or to Condole;
Her fancie in dressing was aerie and pretty,
And then in discourse there was nothing so witty:
The Eagle saw well that the Magpie had parts,
Confest her great beauty, and worthy deserts;
But yet, wou'd give him no place o' trust, hating
A Bird that was so much addicted to prating.

M O R A L.

T*O govern his tongue shows a man o' more sence
Than they who to witty discourse make pretence ;*

*A friend that's defective in this kind o' wit,
Is for the degree of a Servant unfit.*

F A B. XXIV.

The Fly and the Pot.

A Liquorish Fly, that wou'd pamper his belly,
Was got very deep in a Pot of good gelly;
And when he wou'd gladly have got out again,
He found upon trial his labour was vain:
His Boots were so liquor'd, his wings were so pasted,
He found he must pay dear for what he had tasted:
Then he pull'd up his heart, and with courage heroic,
Tho' he liv'd like an Epicure, died like a Stoick.

MORAL.

TIS wise in enjoyments to keep a due measure,
And not die effeminate Martyrs o' pleasure:

Let if by our Vices we worthily smart,

There's nothing looks well but a good Patient heart :

F A B. XXV.*The Fox and the Crow.*

A Crow who had somewhere been stealing a dinner,
Held Cheese in her mouth till a fly Fox had teen
(her ;

He runs to the Tree where she sat ; and saies he

Are you the bright Lady I long wisht to see ?

People say You are black, but where is their fight ?

I ne're saw a bird of so lovely a white !

The Swan's very fair, to give her, her due ;

But not of so clear a complexion as You :

If your voice do's as much as your beauty excell ;

You'll ravish all creatures where ever you dwell :

The Crow, who imagin'd her voice must needs please,

Went to tune up her Pipes, and down fell the cheese :

The

The Fox catcht it up, and cri'd, spare your noise,
 You quite turn my stomach with that ugly voice:
 Lets have a Cessation of those rueful strains;
 'Tis plain You have neither voice, beauty, nor brains.

MORAL.

HE who has Estate, shall never want friends
 To flatter his Vanity for their own ends:
 But when the Enchantment of Interest's gone,
 A Fool may be sure he shall meet with his own.

FAB. XXVI.

A Clown and a Bee.

A Clown took it ill to be stung by a Bee,
 For how cou'd such Venom with honey agree?
 The Bee told him plain, you're a dull country creature,
 Is any thing worse to provoke than good nature?

MORAL.

*When Men even Mercy and Patience abuse,
Our anger can't wish for a fairer excuse;
Yet tho' our revenge may be handsomely shown,
'Tis always more noble to let it alone.*

F A B. XXVII.

The Pilot and Merchant.

*A Merchant that ne're was before in a Storm,
Was amaz'd at a Pilot that dreaded no harm;
And therefore he puts in a word by the by,
What death M^r Pilot did your Father die?
What death do you ask saies the Pilot? Why he
And my Grandfather too both perisht at Sea:
If so, sai's the Merchant, then what's the occasion
That makes You so forward at this Navigation?*

Why

Why pray saies the Pilot e'nt your Father dead :

Why yes cries the Merchant, but dy'd in his bed :

Say you so quoth the Tar ; why then by this rule

If You your selfe're go to bed you're a fool.

MORAL.

*Since Fate is strong, and death is every where ;
The Brave are as secure as those that fear.*

F A B. XXVIII.

The Fox and the Stork.

A Fox that had made quick dispatch of a Pullet,
Felt an untoward bone stick a cross in his gullet ;
Which he neither upward nor downward cou'd get,
This put the poor Beast in a wonderful fret :
He thought of a Crane, who by special gift,
Was suited to help him out at a dead list :

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The Bird with fair promises quickly was won,
To put his long bill in and pull out the bone ;
This done, the reward was expected wi' passion,
As richly deserv'd by the rare operation :
Of that saies the Fox no more must be s'ed of
Tis enough when I might, I did not bite your head off.

M O R A L.

MEN oft in distress are submissive and fair,
Who if fortune changes as insolent are ;
What favour can sordid Ingratitude charm ?
You're pai'd well enough if you meet wi' no harm.

F A B. XXIX.

The Projector and the Ass.

IN the space of Ten years, a Projector agreed
To teach an Ass how to chop Logick and read :

The

The Wager was lay'd, and the forfeitures nam'd;
 But when the odd humour by many was blam'd,
 Why look ye, says he, 'tis fourty to one
 The As may be dead e're his Lectures are done;
 Or I may drop off peradventure, or he
 That lay's me the wager, and then we are free.

M O R A L.

*S*ome Projects at first that improbable seem,
 Are manag'd by methods of which we don't dream;
 A crafty Designer, if one way w'ont do,
 Has twenty more ready his ends to pursue.

F A B. XXX.

The Farmer and Weasel.

A Weasel was taken and cry'd out for Pity,
 O Master consider the good that I did 'ye!

Always defended your Bacon and Cheese,
And kill'd Rats and Mice of all sorts and degrees:
And after such service, methinks it agrees ill
With Justice, for you to destroy the poor Weasel:
The Farmer replies, You seem to talk sence;
Yet all that you say, is meer sham, and pretence.
'Tis true that you eat up the Mice as you say,
And every thing else that comes in your way:
And therefore I must deal so freely to tell ye,
You did not love Me so much as your belly,

M O R A L.

TOO many that aim at their own private ends,
Won'd fain have the fame of obliging their friends.

F A B. XXXI.

The Fox and the Crane.

A Fox wou'd needs treat, and invited a Crane
To show how Gentilely he cou'd entertain:
D With

With posset and Cawdle he flabber'd a Table,
 And vow'd 'twas as good as to make he was able
 Fall to M^r Crane, for now you are come
 You must be as free as at ~~your~~ own home :
 I'll vow you're to blame, you eat very little,
 I fancy you are not well pleas'd wi' your Victual :
 The Crane for his heart cou'd not take up a drop,
 Yet civilly bow'd and commended the soup :
 And beg'd of the Fox with wondrous humility,
 That he wou'd accept of the same civility ;
 The Fox very kindly vouchsaf't him the grace,
 The Crane gave a treat in a narrow mouth'd glass ;
 From whence his long bill pickt up the good fare,
 While the Fox lick't the out side and cri'd it was rare.

MORAL.

AN Insolent Jester that never gives quarter,
 Oft meets with his match, and catches a Tartar :

And

And all men are mightily pleas'd, when they find

A Knaves or Buffoon paid home in his kind:

F A B. XXXII.

The Viper and File.

A Viper enrag'd wou'd needs bite a File,
The File at her madness cou'd not choose but
(smile;

Leave off Idle Fool, unless you have need

To break all your teeth and make your Gums bleed :

To hurt me, or not hurt your self is a wonder,

For I can bite brass and hard Iron asunder.

MORAL.

THo envy shou'd suffer, in dealing hard measure,
It ne'er feels the smart, but endures it with plea-
(sure:

And who's in so bad a condition as he is,

Who loves his own pain and enjoy's his disease.

F A B. XXXIII.

The Fox and the Eagle,

AN Eagle that thought a young Fox pretty victual,
 Wou'd carry some home to her birds that were
 (little:

The Old Mother Fox ran after protesting,
 And from her claws mercy most humbly requesting ;
 When all other arguments fail'd, and were slighted,
 She fetches a firebrand that was well lighted :
 Saies she, for my sake no pity is shown,
 Yet now M^r Eagle, show some for your own :
 For if you return not my Cubs at desire,
 I'll set both the tree and your nest in a fire :
 The Eagle was startled at this proposition,
 And gave back the Cubs with an humble submission.

MORAL.

THE Powerful ne're should their Greatness abuse,
 Inferior Persons to vex or abuse :

*No Creature so dull its designs to pursue,
But rage makes 'em witty and mischievous too.*

F A B. XXXIV.

The Old Man and his two Wives.

AN Old sort of Beaux, an unmortifi'd Dunce,
Wou'd hardly venture one two Wives at once:

The one was a Beauty and dazled his eyes,

The other was old enough but very wise:

The young one dispatch't all his hairs that were gray,

Least they shou'd his weakness or dotage betray:

The Matron pull'd up the black hairs by the root,

Which did not his age, nor his gravity suit:

Thus worse than Old Time, did the Poor Bully fare

Before, and behind, he was left without hair.

MORAL.

HE that meddles with women, had best look about
For tho' he be cautious, they're likely to rout him;

*The Ugly and Airie, the formall and gay,**The Wits, and the fools, have all tricks in their way.*

F A B. XXXV.

The Cat, the Sow and the Eagle.

A Cat, Sow, and Eagle, all happen'd to be
Together Inhabitants of the same Tree :

The Eagle upon the top planted her nest,

The Cat with her Kitlings the middle posselt ;

But as for the Pigs, the careful Sow got 'em

All treasur'd up safe at a hole in the bottom :

The Cat and her claws were very much busied,

To Clamber and pay Neighbour Eagle a visit :

Ah Madam said she, I fear you and I

Shall get little good by the Sow and her Sty :

She lies undermining and grunting below,

I'me sure in a while she'll the Tree overthrow :

At This Information, the Eagle sat watching;
And never durst go from the birds she was hatching.
Then down creeps the Cat to the Pigs below stairs,
And there with suspicions she fills the Sows eats;
She bids her beware, or soon she wou'd find
The Eagle to Pigs flesh: was strangely enclin'd:
Her humour saies she will be certainly shown,
If e're you go out and leave Piggy's alone.
The Sow hearing this, was frighted and aw'd
And never for Victuals durst travail abroad;
By such informations and diligent labours,
The Cat made a shift to starve both her neighbours:
Which when she had very successfully done,
She claim'd both the Nest and the Pigs for her own.

MORAL.

A Man do's in friendship exceedingly fail,
Who gives too much ear to a whisperers tale;

To him you suspect of a Story, reveal it :

For 'tis both unsafe, and unkind, to conceal it.

'Tis somewhat, to break all a talebearers measures ;

To find a friend true, is the greatest o' pleasures.

F A B. XXXVI.

The Eagle, Daw and Tortoise.

A Tortoise by Nature was so wrapt in armor,

The Eagle had got her, but cou'd not well harm
(her :

A mischievous Daw wou'd needs show the way,

On promise her self might ha' share in the prey ;

Saies she, let her fall from on high on a rock ;

Then all her coat armour will break wi' the shock :

The Eagle the Dawswicked counsel soon hears,

And dashes the Tortoise's house round her ears.

M O R A L.

THE greatest, and best are the most unsecure ;

Where mischievous counsel rules absolute Pow'r.

F A B.

F A B. XXXVII.

The Goat and the Fox.

A Dull hairy Goat spy'd a Fox in a Well,
Who told him the water did strangely excell;
That still as he drank his delight did encrease:
That liquor must fail, e're his pleasure cou'd cease:
Then down skips the Goat; and the Fox takes occasion
To leap on his horns, and so make an Evasion.

M O R A L.

A Man in great danger, so he may get rid,
Considers but little who comes in his stead.

F A B. XXXVIII.

The Dogs and Jupiter.

THE Dogs little pleas'd wi' their slavish condition
Sent Legates and Envoy's to *Jove* wi' Petition:

These

These were to inform him of their nasty diet,
 And how they were Bang'd and cou'd ne're live at
 But while at each dunghil they scrape for a bone, ^{(quiet,}
 The Ambassy went very leasurely on :
 So that *Mercury* coming to usher 'em in,
 There was not so much as a Whelp to be seen :
 At last having found out the Plenipotentiaries,
 He drag'd them by th' ears thro' *Jupiters* entries :
 The Dogs dreading *Jove*, and his high Presence cham-
 Left an odd sort o' smell, but 'twas not of amber, ^{(ber,}
 Which when *Jove* perceiv'd, he caus'd some attacks
 To be made with a Cudgel laid over their backs :
 And order'd 'em all to be lay'd up in durance,
 For playing such tricks wi' so little Assurance.
 The rumour to all other Dogs was convey'd,
 What odious work the late Legates had made ;
 So sending new Envoy's, they took special care
 To daub all their tails with odours most rare :

But when the New Legates saw *Jove* shaking thunder,
 They felt other motions beside those o' wonder :
 And tho' they were fortified well wi' perfume,
 They left no commendable scent in the room :
 So that mighty *Jove* more vext than before,
 E'ne sent 'em to Prison and wou'd hear no more :
 From that day to this the Dogs smell in vain
 At strangers, expecting their Envoy's again.

MORAL.

They sorry Improvements are likely to make,
 Who will against Nature affairs undertake.

F A B. XXXIX.

The Country Mouse and City Mouse.

A Nice City Mouse with a frolick was taken,
 To take the fresh air, and eat Beans and Bacon ;
 And see her old friend, a plain hearty Mouse
 That liv'd in the Country, and kept a Farm House :

The

The Mice in the Village came crowding together,
 When first the gay stranger was newly come thither;
 The Farmer wi' Pride not a little did swell
 That a fine silken Mouse at a Cottage wou'd dwell;
 And so she made ready her Beans and her Pease,
 The rin'd o' fat Bacon the paring o' cheese,
 Beside these a dish kept hot with a cover,
 A daintie Black Pudding wi' Sugar strow'd over:
 The City Mouse smil'd, and Neighbour said she
 Don't put your self to these expences for me;
 For we in the City are daintily fed,
 But I in the Countrey delight in Rye Bread.
 You are free and honest and have a good heart,
 But sure your condition's below your desert:
 Come go live with me and leave your Vocation,
 I'll show you to live in the fat o' the Nation:
 I speak without complement, trust to my word,
 It never shall cost You a farthing for board:

You

You there shall be furnisht with what e're you lack
And eat Venizon Pasty, drink Sugar and Sack :
This life was approv'd more then Carting or Ploughing,
And friend, saies the Farmer, when shall we be going ?
For I find my fancy a little encline
To drink humming liquor and eat what is fine :
E're night, in a Palace the Mice made their entry,
Yet City Mouse wou'd not go into the Pantry,
Because in the Parlor upon some occasion,
The Table was drest with a dainty Collation ;
Come friend says the Citizen, turn Pioneer
This Pasty you see is full o' good cheer ;
So to it they fell, and cram'd without measure;
Till a noise in the Key hole disturb'd all the pleasure ;
A Parcel of Bullies that lov'd to be whoring
Came in with their Dogs and their Mistresses roaring ;
The Country Mouse being but clumsy and tardy,
Unus'd to the place, found life in Jeopardy :

For being well stuf, from danger she ran ill
 And was very near being snap't by a Spaniel ;
 But being recover'd at last from the fright,
 Cri'd she, City Friend I must bid you good night :
 I'll ne're to eat quelque chose, and high rogoufts strive,
 And live thus in danger of loosing my life.

MORAL.

A *Wise man will choose a safe mean condition,
 Before the gay life of a Court Politician ;
 Before the false kindness, that fain wou'd appear
 Where Malice and Envy are only sincere.*

F A B. XL.

The Herdsman and Jupiter.

A *Heardsman the loss of his Calf much lamented :
 To part with a Kid he was freely contented,
 If Jove wou'd afford him the sorry relief
 To see but so much as the Phyz o' the Thief :*

The

The poor silly swain scarce ended his pray'rs

When a Lion wi' terrible whiskers appears :

O Jove said the Fellow, I see the Thief plain,

I'll give You a Bull to remove him again.

MORAL.

WE often of Heaven our own mischief require,
An then 'tis a blessing to loose our desire.

FAB. XLI.

The Ape and the Fox,

A Lion had issued out his Proclamation

All Beasts without tails must go out o' the Na-
(tion,

So the Ape was equipt for Perigrination :

But still she was mightily puzzled to learn

Why the Fox packt his goods up wi' so much concern,

A Fox, saies the Ape, has no cause to fear,

For he has a tail large enough and to spare :

But soon she had answer ; that, that was all one

If an Absolute Monarch shou'd say he had none :

MORAL.

NO Innocence can be secure from a Flaw,
Where Tyranny rules, and where humor is Law.

FAB. XLII.

The Sick Kite and her Mother.

SAi's a Languishing Kite, Mother give over tears
You'l do me more good if you fall to your prayers :

O Child saies the Mother if that is the way,

The Gods will mind little what e're I can say :

When e're I wou'd pray, I find my tongue falters,

Alas the Gods know I have rob'd all their altars.

MORAL.

BE grateful, and use the kind blessings of heaven
To honour the Pow'r by which they were giv'n,

*Deride not Religion when healthy and well,
And then pray and flatter agen when you're ill.*

F A B. XLIII.

The Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter was taken pris'ner a stro'lling
And when he was taken he fell a cajoling,
Well Gentlemen this for my self I can say,
I ne're was the man that engag'd in a fray :
There's no one among You can say I suppose,
I'e're broke so much as a shin or a nose :
And therefore I hope you a'n't for inditing
A Person that never was guilty o' fighting.
But one of the enemies made this replie,
For that very reason he rather shou'd die,
That being a Coward, and full o' base fears,
He set other people together by th' ears.

MORAL.

Some Villainous People use all their Invention,
To make others quarrel and fall to contention :

Such pitiful spirits can basely desire,

To burn a man's house, and warm by the fire :

But he that contrives, does a Villany further

As much as the hands that are di'd in the murder.

F A B. XLIV.

The Hart and the Fountain.

A Hart in a Fountain surveying his Figure,
Was vext at his legs for being no bigger ;

Saies he, to my Nature I owe little thanks,

That gave a pair of such thin spindle thanks :

They look but unsuitable to my fat haunches,

Or to my large horns with agreeable branches :

While thus he was finding o' fault and remarking,

He heard the men hallow, and all the dogs barking :

Away

Away flies the Hart as swift as the wind,
And leaves all the Dogs and the danger behind;
Till hamper'd at last by the horns in a wood,
His folly too plainly he then understood;
His feet he despis'd had preserv'd him from ruine,
The Horns he had honour'd had been his undoing.

MORAL.

WE in our true interest are so short sighted,
With what hurts us most, we most are delighted.

FAB. XLV.

The Sun and the North wind.

THe Sun & North wind who blusters & swaggers
Had quarrel'd & e'ne come to drawing o'daggers;
For *Phæbus* imagin'd he cou'd not seem more an ass
Than by yielding Place to this Bully *Boreas* :
In short 'twas agreed that each shou'd do something,
To show forth his Pow'r upon a Poor Bumpkin :

And he that cou'd first with his cloak make him part,
Shou'd fairly be own'd of the highest desert :

The wind first began, and so manag'd the matter
That he made the Countrymans grinders to chatter ;
The more still he bluster'd the less he cou'd rout him,
The Clown wrapt his cloak the closer about him ;
But when the Sun came with his fiery Ordeal,
The man was so faint that he wanted a cordial :
He melted so fast with the splendor Meridian,
That off went the Cloak he was glad to be rid on.

MORAL.

MEN who to all fury and rage bid defiance,
Are melted by soft easie means to compliance.

F A B. XLVI.

The Crab and the Serpent.

A Serpent and Crab made a Friendship together,
A Friendship to last in all kind o' weather ;

The

The Crab was downright, but plagu'd with heartburn-
To find in the serpent such windings and turnings;
This Serpentine dealing so much did provoke him,
That one night the Crab took occasion to choke him :
And viewing his body when life was quite ended,
Which lay now at length in a strait line extended ;
Oh had you but liv'd so direct and upright,
Old Crony, said he, you ne're shou'd ha' dy'd,

MORAL.

B*ut honesty Foes are to friendship invited,
But treachery separates friends when united.*

F A B. XLVI.

The Partial Judge.

A Farmer once made a Complaint to a Judge,
My Bull and please you Sir, owing a grudge
Belike, to one of Your good worships cattel,
Has slain him out right in a mortal battel :

I'me sorry at heart because o' the action,
 And want to know how to make satisfaction :
 Why you must give me Your Bull, that's plain
 Saies the Judge, or pay me the price o' the slain ;
 But I have mistaken the Case saies the Clown,
 The dead Bull I talk of an't please you's my own ;
 The Judg soon replies with a seious face,
 Say you so ; this Accident alters the case.

M O R A L.

MEN greatly delight to have Justice shown,
In any ones case excepting their own.

F A B. XLVII.

The Ape and the Dolphin.

THE Dolphin they say has a singular vanity,
 Which is to doat very much on humanity,
 It chanc't in a Storm a poor frighted Ape,
 Was dasht from a ship into Sea by mishap :

The

The kind hearted Dolphin to succour him ran,
 Supposing he had been a small sort o' man :
 The Monkey bestriding the Fish, made appear
 The seat and address of a good Chevalier ;
 He rode thro' the surges wi' no less decorum
 Then when the Bears follow, and Apes ride afore 'em :
 At last cries the Dolphin, my Friend how fare 'ye,
 And pray let us hear what Countryman are 'ye ;
 Why I'me an *Athenian*, the Ape strait replies
 For there my Estate and my chief dealing lies ;
 You know then * *Piraum* ? *Piraum* saies *John* The name
of an Har-
bour.
 Why he's my Old friend, we were always all one ;
 Your friend say's the Dolphin ? then at his devotion
 I leave You ; your friend's very great with the Ocean :
 So slipping betwixt the Apes legs with facility,
 He left the *Athenian* to show his ability-

MORAL.

D*etectivers are oftentimes left in the Briars,
For none are so odious to all men as liars.*

FAB. XLVIII.

The Squire and his Dogs.

AN Old Country Squire lov'd Dogs at his heart,
And he and his Kennel cou'd ne're dwell apart ;
But one day his Son by a Villanous hound
Was bit so severely, he died o' the wound ;
Which put the old Spark in so grievous a passion
That on the whole Pack he past condemnation ;
So Ranger, and Jowler, and Rockwood, and Tra,
Tho' harmless, were hang'd as they came in the way.

MORAL.

TOO often we find that one mans impiety ,
Has been the destruction of all the Society.

F A B. XLIX.

A Drunkard and his Wife.

A Woman had got such a Sot to her Spouse,
He ne're-cou'd come home on his legs to his
(house :
'Twas work for the Porters to put him to bed,
In one of these fits it came in her head
To coffin him and put him down in a vault,
In hopes so to frighten him out of his fault :
He lay there a day, at last his wife comes,
And at the Vault door with her knuckles she drums :
Who's there, saies Old Soul ? Wife answers, O sinner
Departed, I come to invite you to dinner :
Tell me of no dinner replies the good Fellow,
But hast thou a Crag o' good liquor that's mellow ;
Ah Husband cries she, will nothing prevail
To cure this unquenchable Love o' Pot Ale :

MORAL.

TIS no easie task by reason, or shame,
A man long accustom'd to vice to reclaim.

FAB. L.

The Bear and the Fox.

SAies a Bear to a Fox, it ne're can be 'se'd
I e're was so base as to prey on the dead;
But yet saies the Fox, you deserve no thanksgiving,
You do what is worse, for you murder the living.

MORAL.

AProud Silly Fellow will tell you a story,
Which turns to his shame, while he aims at his
glory.

FAB. LI.

The Gardiner and his Dog.

AGard'ners Dog by misfortune had fell,
And there he lay ready to drown in the Well;
The

The Gardner needs wou'd assist the dumb beast,
And the Dog in requital bit thro' his hard fist :
The Gardner in passion cry's, if you're so stout,
E'ne drown, and for me, let who will take ye out.

MORAL.

HE shows his own Foolishness, and ill conditions;
Who hates a true friend for his good admonitions.

FAB. LI.

The Clown and the Flies.

A Clown that was vext with abundance o' Flies,
To drive 'em away with a Firebrand tries;
This while he with wonderful Courage essays,
His thatcht Habitation is set in a blaze.

MORAL.

THE Greatest misfortunes do often besal
While men are impatient to bear with the small.

F A B. LIII.

The Hound and other Dogs.

A Hound brought a Hare home which he had out-
 (run,
 To show other dogs what a feat he had done ;

He Boasted how justly he merited praise,

And that they ne're saw such a Course i' their days ;

But while he was bragging and raising o' wonder,

The other Dogs all fell aboard of his plunder,

M O R A L.

A Boaster no other advantage does gain,
 But envy, or pity for being so vain ;

'Tis wise to be happy without Proclamation,

Unless we wou'd ruine our own expectation.

F A B. LIV.

The Lion and other Beasts.

THE Lion with some other Beasts of his Nation,

One day went a hunting, for meer recreation :

They

They ran down a Hart, and then they expected
In four equal quarters to see him dissected :
The Lion perform'd it, and rolling his eyes,
One part as a King I claim for my prize ;
Another Division I think is my merit,
Cause no other Beast has so noble a spirit ;
A third part I challenge, and 'tis but small gains
For one that in hunting has took so much pains :
The Fourth part is mine too, if any bold Prater
Shall question my right I proclaim he's a Traitor :
The Beasts said, they all were his servants most humble,
And made all their honours, not daring to grumble.

MORAL.

Don't do your self harm, by aiming to right ye,
For 'tis a great Folly to strive with the mighty.

The Dull Schoolboy.

A Schoolboy was once so dull in his way,
 He cou'd not be taught so much as great A;
 His Schoolfellow jested upon his hard skull,
 Nay hold saies the Youngster, I am not so dull;
 But if I learn A which I cou'd soon do,
 They'll put me to B, C, and all the Cross row:
 Now that will exceedingly trouble my gizzard,
 For learning of A to be run down to Izard.

MORAL.

TIS better to enter on no resolution,
 Then make it and ne're venture on Execution.

The Gnat and the Lion.

SAies a Gnat to a Lion I boldly desie You,
 Grim Monarch, whose whiskers fright all that
 (come nigh You,
 You

You may bite like a Woman, and scratch like a Cat,

Yet I'll make you dread the Invincible Gnat :

I give you fair warning my force to oppose,

Before I begin a Career at your nose :

This said, he the Lion attackt in the snout

So smartly, the Monarch was fain to roar out ;

And striving to succour himself with his paws,

He tore his own Phisnomy with his own claws :

The Gnat having thus the Lion defeated,

Was trapt by a Spider, just as she retreated ;

And died with regret, that Fate cou'd devize on

No death but to blast her fresh Lawrels with poison.

MORAL.

A Slave can revenge if provok't by a King,

A Spider can poison, a Gnat has a sting ;

There's no one so pow'rful, no one so brave,

But may be perplex't by a sly little knave.

F A B. LVII.

The Axle Tree and Oxen.

A Team of stout Oxen were press'd with a load
 Of large heavy Timber they drew on the road,
 And much they were fretted, that while they were
 (straining
 They heard the shrill Axle Tree loudly complaining;
 Be silent say they, You long wooden Lubber,
 For nothing of Timber can injure your crupper.

M O R A L.

NO People complain more of Taxes, than they
 Who are most secure having nothing to pay;
 Those are not devouteſt that uſe the moſt whining,
 Nor thoſe the moſt hurt that are always repining.

F A B. LVIII.

The Dog, Aſs and Wolf.

A Brisk mettled Whelp had a mind to a duel,
 He'd needs fight the Wolf for being ſo cruel;
 But

But fearing he might be too weak for resistance,
He comes to an Ass and desires Assistance ;
For he had a Back strong enough for a Combat,
His voice too was warlike and much like a Trumpet :
But at the first Onset the Ass ran away,
And left the Young Mastive to finish the fray.

MORAL.

*It mocks all the power of Physnomy art
By outward proportion to judge of the heart.
There's many a beautiful Whore, and a Fool
Without any sense in a large Jobber noll.*

FAB. LIX.

The Mole and her Daughter.

SAY'S a Mole to her dam, I've cause to thank a sence
That brings thro' my Nose a smell o' frankincence ;
A little while after she cries out, alas
What a noise do I hear of hammering brass !

A third time she boasts she cou'd with her dunn eye
Perceive at a very great distance a chimney :

Good Child saies the mother e'ne prattle no more,
Two senses You want we ne're heard of before.

MORAL.

Great Boasters their palpable follies reveal,
Which they by their silence might safely conceal.

FAB. LX.

The Ass and the Frogs.

TWas the fate of an Ass that carried a Pack,
To make a false step, and fall in a Quag ;
He call'd Fortune Slut, and said she was fickle,
To leave a poor Ass in so nasty a Pickle :
The Frogs round about were quickly convented,
And told him he need not be so discontented ;
For he scarce had suffered one short hours soaking,
But they must live there eternally croaking.

MORAL.

TIS a comfort to one in Afflictions to see,
 That others are much more unhappy than he;
 How can we indeed a misfortune deplore
 When much better People ha' suffer'd much more.

FAB. LXI.

The Cat and the Mice.

A Politick Cat that made it her trade,
 Pickt many a Mouse up in sly Ambuscade;
 The Nation was griev'd, that so many brave Mice
 Shou'd thus loose their lives and estates in a trice:
 They call a grave Council whose wit shou'd determine,
 Some means for the best Preservation o' Vermin.
 Saies one of the Counsel all things will be well,
 If round the Cats neck we cou'd tie but a bell;
 Then let the Cat come by night, or by day,
 The bell will give warning to scamper away;

That's true said another, but where shall be found
A Mouse that will venture to tie the bell round.

MORAL.

TIS easie to frame a good bold resolution,
But hard is the task that concerns execution :
For where life and Fortune must lie at the stake,
No wiseman a desperate counsel will take.

F A B. LXII.

The Old Man and Death,

QUITE spent with a Burthen of Sticks, an Old
(Clown
To take breath awhile on a bank sat him down ;
He call'd upon Death and said 'twas a hard case,
For him to bear sticks and an old crazy carcass :
While thus he complain'd who but death shou'd ap-
(pear,
Which made my Old Gaffers teeth charter wi' fear :
I call'd you saies he, M^r Death, in a Maggot,
And now you are here help me up wi' my faggot.

MORAL.

MEN easily Death at a distance desie,
But tremble like Cowards when ready to die,
For then the gay spirits and brisk idle flashes
Are sunk, as thorns crackle and fall into ashes.

FAB. LXIII.

The Gnat and the Bee.

AGnat almost starv'd in a sorry condition,
Pretended to be a most skilful Musician;
He comes to a Bee hive, and there he wou'd stay
To teach the Bees children to sing So la fa:
The Bee told him plainly, the way of their nation
Was breeding up Youth in some honest Vocation:
For fear by their labour they shou'd not be fed,
And then curse their Parents for being high bred.

MORAL.

BAD singers, and dancers, and Scholars are made ;
Of those who had better been taught a good trade,

F A B. LXIV.

The As and the Nightingale.

AN As who in Musick was wonderful choice,
Wou'd challenge a Nightingale for a fine voice ;

A Cuckow is Judge to make the decision,
The Nightingale warbles a heav'nly division ;
But soon as the As set up his loud bray,
The Cuckow was ravish'd and gave him the day.

MORAL.

WHere Fools are the Judges, a Quacks a Phy-
sician,
A Cobler may pass for a shrew'd Politician ;

To bawl makes a Lawyer, and he that can whine
And poach both his eyes is a heav'nly Divine :

*Vice triumphs, and Farces affectedly writ
Are clapt by the dull powder'd Beaux of the Pit.*

FAB LXV.

The Old Man and his Son and his Ass.

ONce on a time it by chance came to pass,
That a Man and his Son were leading an Ass :
Cries a Passenger; Neighbour your shrewdly put to't
To lead an Ass empty and trudge it on foot :
Nay quoth the Old fellow, if folk do so mind us
I'll e'ne climb the Ass, and Boy mount behind us :
But as they jogged on they were laugh'd at and hift,
What two Booby lubbers on one sorry Feast !
This is such a figure as never was known,
'Tis a sign that the Ass is none of their own.
Then down gets the Boy and walks by the side,
Till another cry's, what you Old Fool must you ride :

When you see the Poor child that's weakly and
 Forc't thro' thick and thin to trudge it along : ^{(young,}

Then down gets the Father, and up gets the Son,

If this cannot please 'em we ne're shall ha' done ;

They had not gone far but a woman cries out,

O you young Graceless Imp you'll be hang'd no doubt ;

Must You ride an Ass, and your Father that's gray

E'ne foot it and pick out the best of his way ?

So now to please all they but one trick lack,

And that was to carry the Ass a Pickback ;

But when that was try'd, it appear'd such a jest,

It occasion'd more laughter by half than the rest.

MORAL.

HE who wou'd please all, and their good liking gain
 Shows a deal of good nature but labours in vain.

F A B. LXVI.

The Devil and Sinner.

A Poor drudging Devil had made a hard shift,
 To help out a Sinner at many dead lift ;
 At last he came to him wi' very bad news,
 He brought at his back a whole bundle o' shoes :
 All these he wore out in running o' stages,
 And now saies he Master pray pay me my wages.

M O R A L.

A *N ill man can never be truly secure
 For vengeance deferr'd falls heavie and sure.*

F A B. LXVII.

A Wolf and a Porcupine.

A Wolf asks a Porcupine why still in armor ?
 As if she was jealous that some one wou'd harm
 (her ;
 When

When e're I come nigh you saies he your quills rattle,
 As if you were ready to charge in a Battle ;
 I never wou'd ask if I thought you were vicious,
 But now you are honest pray why so suspicious ;
 Believe me when Beasts bear each other good will,
 'Tis odd to go fortified all o're with quill ;
 The Porcupine answers, in spite of your reason
 Where Wolf's are, my armor is always in season.

MORAL.

W*hen a knave is a friend, we then may divine
 He surely is hatching some evil design ;
 But those of all others they soonest deceive,
 Who are most by Nature inclin'd to believe.*

FAB. LXVIII.

The Snake and the Hedghog.

A*Hedghog that was on his journey benighted,
 A Snake very kindly to shelter invited ;*

The

the Hedghog approv'd of the Lodging so well,
the Snake cou'd no more get him out of the cell.

MORAL.

*Take heed who it is that you take for your friend,
Least he prove the worst Foe you have in the end.*

F A B. LXIX.*The Worm and the Fox.*

From a Bank of Green turf his old habitation,
A Worm put his head out, and made Proclama-
(tion :
Let all the Beasts know, if any one is sick
I Worm am by Practice a Doctor o' Physick ;
I'me none of your Quacks that are circumforaneous :
But skil'd by long Travell in Parts Subterraneous :
Where nature her chymical Art does display,
Where all the rich juyces and minerals lay :
I think without vanity I know the powr's
And vertues lockt up in roots, stones or flower's.

"I mo-

"I modestly say I can nature restore
 "By safe easie methods unheard of before.
 "I've been in some places, where Princes wou'd fain
 "Have hindred me from coming hither again :
 "But I love the Good of my Country and Friends
 "Beyond the mean Principle of private ends :
 The Fox, who with patience had listned awhile
 Began wi' some scorn on the Doctor to smile ;
 And pray saies he Sir, if your skills so refin'd
 How come You your self to be lame and blind
 If your're such a Doctor show some of your rare tricks
 And purge your own Nastiness with your Catharticks.

MORAL.

HE that talks well of Vertue in which he's defective,
 Against his own self does but make an invective ;
 Such men may harangue with a bantring Oration,
 But few will believe against plain demonstration.

F A B. LXX.

The Woman and Death.

GOOD Death said a Woman for once be so kind
To take me and leave my dear Husband behind!
But when Death appear'd with a sower grimace,
The woman was dash'd at his thin hatchet face;
So she made him a Curt'sie, and modestly s'ed
If you come for my Husband he lies thereabed.

MORAL.

SOME needs will oblige You, and take no denial
Unless You're so rude as to go to make tryal;
Such friends can never be seen at a distance,
Unless a time comes when You need their Assistance.

F A B. LXXI.

The Farmer and his Dog.

A Farmer come home, and his Cradle he found
 Turn'd quite topsie turvey, the clothes on the
 (ground

He frown'd at his Dog by the Cradle that stood,
 And seeing his mouth smear'd over with blood;
 He stab'd him in anger, without looking further,
 He took it for granted his Dog had done murther:
 But turning the Cradle he found his mistake,
 The Child was alive, but there lay a dead snake,
 Which the poor faithful cur, to stay a disaster,
 Had slain in defence of his hard hearted Master.

MORAL.

THo' hasty revenge be imagin'd a pleasure,
 A man may ha' time to repent it at leisure.

F A B. LXXII.

The Lark and her Young Ones.

THE Harvest was nigh, and the lark was employ'd
Some victuals for all her young Birds to provide,
And as she went out, Dear Children said she,
If men talk of Corn be sure you tell me :
Pray mark what I say and take care to learn,
For this does our lives and our fortunes concern :
Ah mother say they when she came home at night,
Our Landlord has put us all in a sad fright :
For he has giv'n orders to send for his friends,
And with them to morrow to reap he intends :
The Old one replies, we the Reapers desie,
As long as our Landlord on friends shall relie :
The next day the Lark went abroad once more,
And left the same charge with her Young as before :

My

My Landlord perceiving Friends mock expectations,
 Son saies he, to morrow, go call our Relations,
 This story the birds told at night to their mother,
 Saies she his Relations will do like the Other :
 When all People fail'd him the Farmer said Son,
 Let's do it our selv's if we'd have the work done:
 At this the Old Lark cri'd now there's no tamp'ring
 To morrow We all must prepare to be scamp'ring.

MORAL.

*I*N vain from our friends we assistance expect,
 If we our own selv's our own business neglect ;
 In other mens matters that zeal's never shown,
 Which People are us'd to express in their own.

F A B. LXXIII.

The Monkey and Cat.

*S*OME Chestnuts in embers did roast by the fire,
 A Monkey observ'd 'em wi' longing desire ;

But

But how to come near 'em no method he saw,
Because he was fearful of burning his paw ;
At last catching hold of a Cat that sat by him,
He poak't with her paw till the Chestnuts came nigh
(him,

MORAL.

A *Sly Politician to gain his own ends,
Makes bold with his instruments which he calls
(friends.*

F A B. LXXIV.

The Sick Lion, Fox and Wolf.

A Lion was very sick and kept his bed,
The Beasts came to see how his Majesty did ;
No Beast was away but the Fox : the Wolf cri'd
The Fox was a Beast of singular Pride,
He highly presum'd on his parts and his sence,
And thought it beneath him to wait on his Prince :

The Fox hear'd the close of the Wolf's fine oration,
 And coming in saw that the King was in passion,
 And therefore said He--I see many here
 Who full o' concern and condoling appear,
 But I have allow'd my self no kind of ease
 To find out a cure for your Highness disease ;
 And now I may say I've a secret of nature
 That soon will restore the most languishing creature ;
 The medicine in short which You die if you lack,
 Is a Wolfs-skin lai'd hot to your Majesties back :
 The Cure was *probatum*, the Wolf he was fated
 To be superficially Excoriated ;
 You see said the Fox while he skin'd him, what labor
 I take here to teach you to slander your neighbour.

MORAL.

They who to do mischief their business have made,
 Have by their own stratagems oft been betray'd.

F A B. LXXV.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

A Butcherly Wolf that liv'd upon slaughter,
 For want o' warm blood, was drinking o' water :
 But spying a Lamb at a distance a drinking,
 He runs to her and falls a damning and sinking ;
 You mean to affront me say's he I suppose,
 By troubling the stream wi' your rascally nose,
 The Lamb answer'd modestly, strange it did seem
 How he at such distance cou'd trouble the stream ;
 'Twas next to impossible to have offended,
 But if he had done it he ne're did intend it ;
 Grant that says the Wolf which I need not do,
 Yet you did abuse me some six month's agoe :
 Alas says the Lamb that cannot be, seeing
 That Six moneths agoe I was not in being ;

Why then 'twas your Father and that is all one,
For You ought to suffer for what he has done.

MORAL.

A *Mischievous man that loves to break unity,
To pick quarrels never need want opportunity.*

F A B. LXXVI.

The Man and his Ass.

SAYS a man to his Ass come let's fly away,
The enemy's coming to plunder they say,
Fly you says the Ass, I no enemies fear,
My shoulders can carry no more then they'll bear,
My life is so servile it makes my heart steady,
I cannot live worse than I live here already.

MORAL.

THE changes of Kingdoms affect not the Poor,
They lie on the ground and can tumble no lower.

FAB. LXXVII.

The Parrot and other Birds.

THE Cage was of Gold where a Prince kept a
 (Parrot,
 A Fortunate Bird, which others did stare at ;
 One day round about him, a whole Congregation
 Were gather'd 'twixt envy and admiration ;
 They'd fain know the reason that did him promote)
 Who was but a Coward drest in a gay Coat :
 O I, says the Parrot, am witty in Prating,
 And what the King talks of I'me strait imitating.

MORAL.

HE in the Court-way is an idle Presumer
 Who can't please the Great and flatter their
 (humour,
 A Plain dealing man will ne're earn his wages
 But soft oylie Talkers dwell in the fine Cages.

F A B. LXXVIII.

The Disobedient Son and his Child.

A Base Son his Father so ill had entreated,
 That of his Estate the Old Squire was cheated;
 And forc't in an Hospital to hide his head,
 Where other good people supply'd him wi' bread;
 One day the Old Father his Son chanc'd to spy,
 And call'd to him as he past carelessly by;
 And one pair of sheets was all his request,
 From him that his plentiful Fortune possess'd.
 The Son when the Father no more did require,
 Was asham'd to deny such a modest desire;
 And calling his Child, here take the sheets, and Sir,
 See that you deliver 'em safe to your Granfire:
 The Father soon heard he deliver'd but one,
 And askt the small Varlet why thus he had done?

Young Graceless reply's, I kept it for you
When Old you may dwell in the Hospital too.

M O R A L.

U *nmmerciful Children, too commonly find
That Providence pays 'em at last in their kind.*

F A B. LXXIX.

The Bitch big with Young.

A Big bellied Bitch, in a doleful Condition
To one of her Gossips made humble Petition ;
Good neighbour said she let a kindness be done me,
Pray lend me Your Kennel, my pains are upon me ;
Yes with all my heart the Gossip reply'd,
To one in your pickle it can't be deny'd :
But danger once past, it was her desire
She'd take up her puppies and homeward retire ;
Good neight our says t'other, lets stay somewhat longer
Till Puppies can see, and grow somewhat stronger :

Soon after the Puppies so valiant were grown,
That they and the Bitch made the Kennel their own.

M O R A L.

BE prudently kind, some speak fair to please ye
Who soon will abuse you for being so easie.

F A B. LXXX.

The Hare and the Sparrow.

AN Eagle had seiz'd in her claws a poor Hare,
Who beg'd for her life with many a tear;

A Sparrow sat by saying where is the speed,
You Hares do pretend to, of which you had need?
The name of a Racer will little avail you,
If in time of danger your petty toes fail you.

While thus the Impertinent Sparrow did talk,
Her self unawares was seiz'd by the Hawk;

The Hare even dying some pleasure did find,
To see the vain Sparrow serv'd in the same kind.

MORAL.

T Here's no one so ready to give his advice
To others, as he who himself is unwise.

FAB. LXXXI.

The Fly and the Ant.

SAYS a Fly to an Ant I'me a Person o' Quality,
And you're a Poltron and full o' Rascallity ;
I fly in the Air with a brave Active soul,
You creep on the ground round your own nasty hole :
To pilfer mens corn your scandalous trade is,
While I live wi' Princes and kiss the great Ladies :
I always am welcome, tho' never invited,
With ravishing musick my ears are delighted,
Each day I regale with wine and high diet,
While Grains and fair water secure you from riot :
And now a'nt you sorry that stepmother nature
Did ever produce such a poor drudging creature :

To

To all this the Ant made a modest reply,
I freely confess that my birth is not high ;
'Tis true you ha' wings to fly up and down,
And I have got feet to walk on the ground.
Secure in the Earth no dangers I dread,
For Tempests and Meteors fly over my head ;
I live upon corn and water, 'tis true,
But yet am as healthy and happy as You :
But you M^r Fly wou'd not be so thriving,
Were You to take pains like me for your living :
You know you are call'd by all you come nigh,
Impertinent, Impudent, Troublesome Fly :
You're nauseous confest where ever you go,
And yet you pretend to the life of a Beave :
Because what you taste is presently scented,
Was that noble Engine the fly flap invented.
Methinks such a thing universally hated,
To be proud and scornful was never created ;

In Summer you're lewd and drink Sack and Claret,
In Winter you'll starve like a Whore in a Garret.

MORAL.

IN all Conversation 'tis prudent to wave your
Fastidious deportment and lofty behaviour;
Comparisons odiously often are made,
Which smartly and shamefully may be repay'd:
We say what we will, and scorn to repent it;
We hear what we wou'd not, and must be contented.

FAB. LXXXII.

The Frogs and the Sun.

A Groundless report was round the Fens carried,
The Sun was in love and wou'd soon be married;
The Frogs fell a croaking in sad dismal notes,
Jove askt 'em the reason they set up their throats:
Say they if one Sun so scorch our complexion
If more shou'd be born we shou'd ha' no protection

So your Majesties dutiful Subjects the Frogs
Wou'd boyl in the Fens and bake in the Bogs.

MORAL.

THE world has so many bad people, we need
Desire to have but few more of the breed.

F A B. LXXXIII.

The Ass, the Ape and the Mole.

WOes me cries an Ass that e're I was born,
With a brain without wit, and a skull without
(horn !

But then says the Ape a'n't I a poor wretch,
Without e're a tail to cover my breech !

A Mole peeping out, declar'd it was hateful
To hear the complaints of people ungrateful ;
You both for a trifle make foolish objections,
Tho' heav'n freely give you so many perfections ;
Whereas in a Dungeon I live without sight,
For ever debarr'd of the glory of Light :

To me all the Beauties in nature are vain,
And yet you ne're here me repine or complain.

MORAL.

S*Hou'd heav'n make a murmurer truly distrest
He'd know he repin'd ev'n when he was blest.*

FAB LXXXIV.

The Hee Goats and Jupiter.

THE Hee Goats were vext when first it appear'd
Shee Goats had a Patent to wear a long beard,
They mutter'd at *Jove* and thought it not fair
That Shee Goats with Hee Goats for beard shou'd
(compare,
I wonder says *Jove* in so small a matter
You can't be so civil the Ladies to flatter.
For thô as to beard the case equal stands,
Yet you ha' the pow'r to raise the train'd bands.
And since 'twixt your courage there is no equality
Pray yield to the weakest in dress and formality.

MORAL.

A *Man of True worth ne're greiv's to be outvied
By Ignorant People in dressing his outside.*

F A B. LXXXV.

The Dying Eagle.

A *N Hungry Eagle that sat watching Hares
Was with a swift arrow shot thro' unawares,
It was a great grief just as she departed
To look at the arrow with which she was darterd ;
It seems that the shaft which the mischief did bring
Was made up wⁱ feathers took from her own wing.*

MORAL.

N *O little vexation a Person attends,
Who finds those his foes whom he took for his
(friends ;
Yet those are most wretched whose miseries wholly,
Are owing to nothing else but their own folly.*

F A B. LXXXVI.

The Fowler and Partridge.

A Partridge insnar'd beg'd hard for some favour,
 She'd soon pay the Fowler the life that he gave
 (her;
 For she cou'd decoy birds of the same Feather,
 And so he might take a whole Covey together;
 Nay answers the Fowler, a treacherous spirit
 Scarce merits a scandalous life to inherit;
 Who'l spare a base bird, that for private ends
 Makes not the least scruple to ruine her friends.

MORAL.

T Here's nothing so vile or so base as a traitor,
 Ev'n they who most need'em abhor their ill Na-
 (ture.

F A B. LXXXVII.

The Pye and the Pigeon.

SAys a Pye to a Pigeon, I can't for my soul
 Tell a reason you allways breed in the same
 (hole;
 Still in the same place your young ones you lay,
 From whence 'tother day they were taken away;
 The Pigeon replies, 'tis true Mrs Pye,
 But I mean no ill nor suspect it not I.

M O R A L.

THE Honeſteſt Natures, are Subject to meet
 And lay the moſt open to lies and deceit;
 For which cauſe the innocent ſeem to be dull,
 But a Knaue ſeems a Wit tho' e're ſuch a Fool:
 But yet threadbare honeſty's beſt, tho' bravery
 And high reputation may wait upon Knavery.

F A B. LXXXVIII.

The Dog and the Ass.

A Flattring Spaniel, by fawning behaviour
Had got very intimate in his Lords favour;
An Ass wou'd make tryal of his skill in flattery,
But he was paid home for Assault and Battery.

M O R A L.

HE who against Nature his Actions will strain,
Takes care to be laught at, and labours in vain.

F A B. LXXXIX.

The Fox and Cock.

THE Fox in a snare, and in danger o' life,
Beg'd hard of a Cock to procure him a knife;
The Cock made as if he'd the favour ha' done him,
But calling his Master he brought him upon him:

H

Now

Now when the Fox saw that sentence must pass,
He reckon'd himself an Egregious Ass;

To think that the Cock wou'd befriend him in distress
Who oft had rob'd hen roosts and eaten his mistress.

involved MORAL.

T *Har person a great deal o' weakness do's shew,
Who needs will provoke and then trust to a foe.*

was paid home for A. in a B. Battery.

F A B. XC.

the *The Mouse and the Frog.*

A Travelling Mouse wou'd fain pass a moat,
But cou'd not get over for want of a boat,
At last a stout Frog, wou'd needs undertake
To carry her over upon his broad back:

And lest the Mouse perish by stress o' bad weather,
He ties his own leg and the Mouse's together;
But when they had got 't the midst o' the water,

Then down ducks the Frog & draws the Mouse a

The Mouse very earnestly struggles for life,
Till a Kite in the air observing the strife,
Stoops downward, and seizes the Mouse in her claws,
The string at her foot the Frog likewise draws,
The Kite eat 'em both, so did the Frog find
As little compassion as he had design'd.

MORAL.

THe justice of heav'n our ill Actions surveys,
And in his own way th' Oppressor repays;
He loves mischief well, who ventures to do't,
Tho' he ruin's himself and his fortune to boot.

FAB. XCI.

Jupiter and the Tortoise.

A Tortoise to Jove a Petition did make,
To carry her house up and down at her back:
To carry your house is a toil said the God,
To think it a favour looks wonderful odd;

Said she, I wi' patience submit to the labour,
To move when I please from a troublesome neighbour.

MORAL.

T*O live near a Neighbour that's given to strife,
Is almost as bad as to have an ill Wife.*

F A B. XCII.

The Lion grown Old.

AN old weakly Lion whose teeth were all gone,
Was pitied by few and was dreaded by none ;
The surly wild Boar made bold to defie him,
The Bull gor'd his sides when e're he came nigh him.
He meets e'ry day new affronts and disgraces,
He's butt'd by Rams and kickt at by Asses ;
To bear this with patience he was well contented,
From those he had ever misus'd or offended :
But those sort of enemies troubled his spirit,
Who once were his friends & prefer'd without merit.

MORAL.

IN prosperous Fortunes be modest and wise,
The greatest may fall and the lowest may rise :
But Insolent People that fall in disgrace,
Are wretched and no body pities their case.

F A B. XCIII.

The Shepherd and his Dog.

A Shepherd was kind to his Dog, and wou'd treat
The Cur ev'ry day with plenty of meat ;
This Dog who the Wolf wou'd never connive at,
Himself now and then eat a Lamb up in private ;
At last being found a committing o'murther,
His master wou'd kill him, and trust him no further :
The Dog wou'd fain have his fault to be venial,
And pray'd him in Pity to spare an old Menial :
Ne're hope says the shepherd to 'scape, I'll assure 'ye
I sooner wou'd pardon the Wolf in my fury :

His hate is profess'd, and he do's not pretend
To treachery under the name of a friend.

MORAL.

A *Man wou'd more favour to enemies use,
Than those who the title o' friendship abuse.*

F A B. XCIV.

The Monkey and Walnuts.

A Monkey heard Walnuts extreamly commended,
And of 'em to make a full meal he intended ;

To climb the high Tree no scruple he made,

For robbing of Orchards had been his old Trade ;

There sitting in state he pulls off a Nut

And bites it, and finds it as bitter as soot ;

He sputters a while, and makes a grimace,

'Tis unripe, a fresh tryal may alter the case :

He bites at another, and two or three more,

The last still is worse than he tasted before :

They

They nettle his mouth in the highest degree,
Is this the rare fruit they talk of said he?
The world sure is foolish or else full o' knavery,
For I never tasted a thing so unsavoury.
So the pains he had taken in clambering, grudging
He slid down the Tree and departed in dudgeon.

MORAL.

MEN blame ill success and fall in a passion,
Whereas the fault lies i' the'r ill application ;
He that can't wi' patience some bitterness meet,
Can plead little merit to that which is sweet.

F A B. XCV.

The Image to be sold.

A Carver a Mercury made out o' wood,
And without a Chapman a long while he stood ;
At last out he brings it and there makes a speech,
Here who'l buy a god that will make a man rich ?

Says one, if You'r god is so free of his pelf,

Ne're offer to sell him but keep him your self.

The Artist replies, the God's money's sure,

But then it comes slow, which I can't endure :

If You friend can stay, you'l have kindness done 'ye

But I am in haste and want ready money.

M O R A L.

HE that doats on money his friend will betray,
His God or his Faith all that comes in his way ;

So here he takes pleasure and has his diversion,

He freely resigns all the world in reversion.

F A B. XCVI.

The Farmer and his Oxen.

HIS Oxen a Countrey-man came to look after,
And found 'em all ve-y much tickled wi' laugh-
(ter ;

Demanding the reason, we dream't, say they, Master

Last night, that You led us to delicate pasture :

The

The Master replies, but Dreams often vary,
For I dream't o' Ploughing, and that's quite contrary;
Now as to the Consequence, I make no doubt
But your Dream will fail you, and mine will be out.

MORAL.

A *Man that relies upon Dreaming and Vision,
Disturbs his own Brain, and occasions Derision.*

F A B. XCVII.*The Horse and the Hog.*

A Hog liv'd as well as a Hog wou'd desire,
And tumbled about at his ease in the Mire;
But spying a War-horse equip't for the battle,
He call'd him the Dullest of all sort of Cattle;
For now art thou going thou Fool, said the Hog,
To be shot in a skirmish and die like a Dog:
To which the Horse answers, I'de rather prefer,
To breathe out my soul like a Hero in war,

Than

Than live in the dirt, and eat nasty Victual,
And ha' my throat cut with a Butcherly Whittle.

MORAL.

Some danger for Honour the Brave will endure
And hate a Base life tho' ere so secure.

F A B. XCVIII.

The Hawk and Cuckow.

A Hawk very sharply the Cuckow did blame,
That being like Him, and in Colour the same,
He eat mice and worms, a Diet unpleasant,
Whereas he might feed upon partridge and pheasant :
Soon after for Pidgeons which he had been mangling,
He saw the Hawks carcase hang on a tree dangling :
Which as he past by the Cuckow derided,
O Hawk you had better have eat worms as I did !

MORAL.

A Little well gotten will do us more good,
Then Sceptres and Lordships by rapine and blood.

F A B. XCIX.

The Fox and the Wolf.

A Fox in a Well by misfortune did fall,
And 'twas but in vain for assistance to call;
A Wolf passing by came and lookt in his face,
Friend Reynard said he, you're in a fine case;
You need not the Hen, nor the Chicken her daughter,
As far as I see to make your mouth water,
No Fryar that starves himself in a Cell,
Can mortifie better than you in this Well;
But how feels the water, as cool as you'd wish?
And what's your chief diet here Frogs or Fish?
Well you're young and hardy, Nature can't fail,
Were I there 'twoud make me catch cold in my Tail.

MOR.

MORAL.

TIS cruel to jest when a man is in Grief,
 And give him hard language that sues for Relief,
 Did an Enemy want and never importune,
 Yet a Generous heart wou'd relieve his misfortune,
 But he's an ill Man ; and what if he be ?
 Show therefore that You a'nt as wicked as he.

FAB. C.

Momus and Jupiter.

WHen *Momus* that always was for Alteration,
 Had long been a carping at all the Creation ;
 To show him his folly, *Jove* summons the Creatures,
 And gave 'em free leave to complain o' their Features ;
 That every Beast throughout his Dominion,
 Might have a shape fram'd to his private Opinion.
 When all came before him, he calls to the Ape,
 And what fault, says he, find you in your Shape ;

Why

Why as to my shape, says he, Great Jupiter,
I modestly say, that there are few Better,
To mend the composure as to Elegancy,
Wou'd very much puzzle the pow'r o' Fancy;
But then as my Body is outwardly specious
So also my Wit, I may say, is facerious;
If any oppose it I'll plainly prove they lie,
Before this most honourable Assembly:
I wish I could say but as much for the Bear,
But he is so Ugly he makes People stare;
His dirty shag Trouzers hang down to his Toes,
And frighten the Children wherever he goes:
To which the Bear answers, I value no jest,
As long as my Figure's as good as the best:
I thank my kind Stars I am not so stupid,
To envy the Beauty of any Quadruped.
But as for the Elephant, I must confess,
'Twou'd do him a kindness to be somewhat less;
The

The loss of some loads of his flesh, wou'd suffice
 To bring him perhaps to a moderate size;
 Methinks he'd doe well to try to prevail,
 To have his Ears less and a handsomer Tail.

The Elephant smil'd at the Bears heavy Skull,
 And said his Invention was wonderfull dull;
 But he for his part wou'd not trouble his head,
 What e're little malapert Animals sed:
 For he had no reason to value their spight;
 Excelling in Beauty as much as in Height;
 But yet for the Whale, he was mov'd wth compassion;
 For he had a Bulk that requir'd Alteration,
 And therefore to Jove he made his Petition
 To set out the Whale in a lesser Edition.

The Whale in a very great passion replies,
 I never will part with an Inch o' my Size;

Æsop Naturaliz'd.

III

To be the Great Whale was ever my wish,
For who'd be a Minnum a Pigmy o' Fish:
Whenever, says he, I the Pismire behold,
How little, and yet how industrious and bold,
To blame mighty *Jove* I justly presume,
To crowd a great Soul in so little a Room.

The Pismire answers, I rail not at Fate
Nor am such a Fool to desire to be Great;
I'm strong in Proportion, and active, and light,
And then I'm a Giant compar'd to the Mite.
In short, *Jove* observing no Faults to be mended,
Dismiss the Assembly, and so it was ended.

M O R A L.

TO other mens Faults we allow no Protection.
But value our selves on our own Imperfection.

FINIS.